Spring Is in the Shops if Not in the Air.

VERY FINE RIGS FOR LENT

Ludian' Lunches and Gossip Gatherings and the Clothes They Beng to View-Spring Ideas.

It is the proper thing at the begin ing of Lent to meralise I cannot sabine duty with pleasure any better this respect than by remarking at new we cannot dance we put an dinary quantity of money into

ow does it strike you to be told that those from it strike you to be told that one thosesand defines is not an unusual near to be invished on the flowers at a simple little frominine gathering? "What can they possibly find to buy with it?" saked a little mouse from Can-ada as abe held up her far-mittened

ands in imposent surprise at the imfor-

Here is what they did buy with it on recent occusion. Seven tables, each aid for seven guests, were decked each with seven satin pails. Each pail was liked with runes and from it ran a wond satin ribbon to the middle of the ard, where stood a big satin basket om which roses and libes overflowed. fluors were heaped in every available pot on the sloth in great clusters.

Yes, Black for already, in the fashtonable imagination at least, it is spring, and the May time shows timidly in the fashioushie toilet and boldly in the shop windows.

At the luncheon aforesald there were ender gowns and bunches of cioleta on straw bonnets. A costome which interested every woman who booked at it was made of a pale pur-plied cloth with a quilling of black rib-

Another and more striking effort was

small exportsh affair of green pretty well accepted with dandell At this same needle fight a pretty yown which stood aloof from the free es off most of the honor. It was a

nesocable gown of black gronading

a wide band of crocheted straw. The bodies had a mite of a source jacket of voivet edged with the same lacelike straw, and the neck, instead of being cut in the ordinary way, had an odd, turned-down velvet collar, of a millorish and a summerish look. A black ribbon sash was wound round the figure in a mysteriously complex fashion, stopping at the were balloons, like all sleeves nows-days, and the wearer had southern violets—fresh from a certain garden I wot of in Tennessee—tucked into a knot of ribbon above her bosom.

There are gowns in progress already for next month's festivities in Washing-ton. A young girl who stands near to the Clevelands has busied herself of late

with the tryings on necessary for the perfecting of a frock of white silk with

MEMPLE EVENTING GOWNS.

ngaishing feature proke piece and edged top and bottom with a violet fringe. The sleeves were of cloth with two deep, full frills of vel-vet, riolet edged, falling downward from the shoulders. The combination d April posics with the heavy, thick webbed velvet was uncongruous, but

is that which goes A mite of a bonnet almost covered with visitets was the finish to this Lenson experiment in gowning. I've told so many hoop skirt stories

that must make you believe that they



we a specialty worth cultivating or size. I must ask parken for telling one more. One of the New York dailles planned to start an anti-erineline league. The league did not materialize; fids is why The allitre met a young and pretty girl fresh from her triamphs at a buil. "And Mrs -- was there," she told

birs. "In hoop oblists, looking so besuti-ful, as if she had just stepped out of a

th, is the mid the editor; "as pretty as a pleture; hoop skirts will win; there's no use in taking up a losing cause." And niggers from the sanctain pinched m its lend that nament anti-erinolina

and the lorsundest part of it is its adorful presentation of ribbons. and threat eliberar and such big and darknes home were never offered to atte seman before. The is not too the to scoops them. The higger and en medanders the better is her posbearing players. Purple Strikens shudnot firthe seed arm have famouries at the merear and she appears at the Leasure adings and sowings and grasspings marrie bows on her shoulders and the her but emulhed in a great, violet immed, purple reft. If also quite lenge as with the requirements of the over-tion she has viscous planted to her botto or hanging from her walst by a pur-

on at the feet and a bodies whose dis- I do not call it a skirt to be worn with hoops, for crinoline is not distinctly in contemplation; but three steels have been run into the circle of the skirt, which concede the principle, if they do not carry out the practice to a very

slarming degree.

Seven ruches of white gauze are set about the skirt in seven flabby circles. The bodice has a low neck, from which great lapels, embroidered with silver, turn down over the bosom. A big silver buckle fastens a bunch of roses over the bosom, and a white relvet belt is the

waist finish, with more ribbon.

Another evening dress, which I under stand is destined for Washington also. is circled with rose garlands from the hem of the skirt almost up to the waist line. Its material is a rather heavy gauze or an extremely light slikwhichever you choose to call it—in color a faint silvery blue. The roses are a delicate plush pink and the whole thing would be delicious, if only some possibility were allowed for of its wearer's possibly theing and dealeing to sit down. To crush a whole garden for one's selfish comfort is a cruelty not lightly to be attributed to a dainty

If you are thinking of spring wraps you can bear it in mind that the Rusclan blouse cout is not any longer safe buying. It is going out. But the jacket with triple capes will last, unless there be a social revolution throughout the spring. Especially in brown, for in spring garments brown is of all shades

Theater frocks are about the prettiest frocks there are at this quiet season, and the prettiest theater fruck, all things considered, that has yet crossed my rision, laughed and cried at Duse in the seat fust in front of me last evening. It was a rich dark green cloth, trained and festened behind. The kirt was trimmed with crossway bands of a deep heliotrope valvet in a sort of square design. The sleeves were of adjustrope pink corded allk and had arge raives overaleeves. Square bile of the silk at the front and back of the of the allk at the front and back of the bodies were ownered flat with white lace and bordered with narrow gold and velvet hands. A long brown cloth mantle was gathered up, when the curtain fail, about the shoulders, disclosing the giories of its square roke of purple velvet, finished with a long jet frings.

A Franch hat of brown allk with purple ribbons finished the todiet its brown blames dropping upon the wearer's

onless dropping upon the wearer's colders - Realer Ossons.

CHINESE RAILROAD OFFICERS.

Mare Interest in Veters and Variab Then to the Science of Railroading. The Chinese officials on the railway are the nominally responsible parties, which to anyone who has lived long in Chios some up nearly all that can be said about them, sare Macmillan's Macatten. The railway to all its parts and stages is to them a strange and inarratable thing, whose mysteries they are shower to learn than their unedutheir minds being already naturated with a kind of love which has no points of contact with the novelties introduced by the treablemone foreign devila They detest the whole undertaking. A screete had I prefered this morning which does not over provide such means was of a creamy brown straw with a of earlichment as any purely native

ont heavier than a hair pencti, and what is mecessary to be done by off-

At the head office things are scarcely bettee. The directors are men who have been forced into an unwelcome position, who have no freding for the substantial success of the railway, and no appreciation of workmanilke excellence, but who are always ready to listen to any dilettante who can talk superficially of velvet and varnish and ow from illustrated advertisements in what respects the Chinese trains come short of some ideal Brighton express or Philadelphia flier, especially when the glib foreign gentleman bluts at the pro-fuse lubrication which raisway promotion demands in other countries and which is only competible with lavish

NONE WORTHY TO BE SECOND.

What an Englishman faid to the Que About a Winning American Tocht-About a Wisning American Teent.
Since the great victory of the American yacht Volunteer over the Thistisfive years ago there has been no race
for the America's cup, but the prospects
for another contest next summer are
now very encouraging. It is, says the
Omaha Bee, peculiarly fitting that the
contests should be resumed during the
year of the great Columbian fair, when
there will be millions of people here there will be millions of people here from abroad. Ever since the famous schooner yacht America won the trophy in English waters in 1851 the suprem-acy of this country in the designing and building of fast sailing craft has been maintained. Year after year, with true British persistency, have the English tried in vain to regain the cup and thus establish their superiority in the science of naval architecture—for upon this of naval architecture—for upon this point alone have they been beaten. The American victories in recent years have not, however, been won by such wide margins as that by which the cup was won forty years ago at Cower. Queen Victoria, who witnessed that memorable contest, turned to one of her attendants and asked: "Which is

first, my lord?" "The American, your majesty," was

the reply.

"And which is second?" she saked. "There is no second, your majesty," was the significant answer.

And this was practically true, for the American flyer had left her competitors so far behind that they were hardly in sight when she flyished

There is a practical side to this international yacht racing. It not only stimulates a nautical spirit that is not without its uses, but it also encourages the study of a science that is of real im-portance. It has had much to do with the development of naval designing in this country and will yet do more.

THE FIRST WHITE AMERICAN.

It is a historic fact that the first white child born in America had a Nor-wegian mother. The child's name was wegian mother. The child's name was
Snorre, son of Thornfield, brother of
Lief Eriksen, and it was born in the
state of Massachusetts in 1993 and taken
back to Iceland when three years old.

A thing showing that Columbus had
the benefit of the Norsemen's knowledge is the fact that the Norwegian
woman Goodridge, when she went back from Iceland, proceeded to Rome and told the olergy where she had lived in the new land and how long she had been away from Iceland. The record is now in Rome written in the Italian "I heard Harry tell you that he loved language. Anyone like Columbus, who had the brains and energy to go out and seek the new lands, had the benefit of the Norwegian woman's story. History shows that Columbus went to Rome and was shown the records. Thus he knew that there was land in the west. He didn't know what country it was any more than the Norsemen did. When Lief Erlissen discovered the land the time was not ripe for emigration from

Europe. When Columbus went out there was a period of unrest. Religious contention was in the air. The Puritans and Quakers were taking refuge in Holland. Persocution made people glad to seek a new land in large numbers. Columbus went west when the time was ripe for the world to follow him. That was his good fortune, but he was not America's discoverer. He was only intrumental in its settlement. In Eriksen's time his people were rovers and hence they did not take permanent ad-vantage of his discovery.

Shell Mounds of Plorids

A ship's officer who has spent me ne on the St. John's river, Florida thinks that he has solved the problem s to the origin of the shell mound that occur along that stream. The way, so that in many places a view along the water extends for only a few rods, but he finds that a tall object or the smoke of a fire shown from the top of one of these mounds could be seen from those next below and above, and he believes that these eminences were Indian signal stations, by means of which the natives were able to announce the approach of a hostile force long the river, as the Greeks signaled the news of the fall of Troy to their home cities by lights on the mountain tops, that were repeated from peak to

A big bull being driven in a herd at Harrodsburgh, Ky., got scared and ran wildly along the street until he dashed ugh the door of a small house occuand by a colored family near James' ivery stable. The animal's weight oke down the floor, and the family, a mother and several children, went down with the boll, the cooking store and everything else in the room, into the reliar, along with the astonished boand after getting the shricking family out safety the bull, also unharmed, but nade doelle by the midden stoppage of his career, was extricated with much

His Dead Wife a Show.

A Johnson county (Tex.) man whose wife died some years ago found upon districting the body recently to transfor it to another burial place that it had haccene paterfied. Helpy of a money making disposition he has been taking the body around for exhibition along with some other ghastly objects and is design paying business. He is to be married again some and intends making a bridal tour to the world's fair, taking along wife No. 1, where he will exhibit her in a side show and thus defray the expenses of the trip and make money

A BIRD IN THE HAND.

Parting and saring with pieces symbols in a rebellion of learny what a ref. Tokies my hand as the mised threat tries. Perking my hand with her introduced bill. How to compe used I have bor, the aweeth Back where the clustering make on the bill. Cumb to the blue with their branches as

Nay, polished book, you are pecking a friend: filled of the grassland, you bleed at the wing! Stay with use, love, in captivity mend Wrong that was wrought by the boy and his

siting.

It for a priest of the birds to arise,
Wonderful words on his lips that personal resources to leave to the skins
Song at its purest a throb in the glade;

Sow, woodland heart, to the yoke for awhilal Soon shall the lyrics of wind in the trees Stir you to pipe in the green forest aisie. God send me there with the grass to m kareal
See, I am stroking my check with your breast.
Ah, how the hountiful velvet is fair!
Stay with me here for your healing and rest;
etay, for I love you, delight of the air!
- Norman Gale.

TRUE TO HIS VOW.

The wind came eighing in from the breast of ocean, stretching away under

the northern sky.

The steady wash of the surge as it came slowly in could not rouse the man who lay upon his face under the shelter-

ing rocks.

He was not saleep, for at times his frame trembled, and now and again he half started up and looked across the sea, and then dropped his head again.

He was a young man and a sailor—he had a sai showed that in every line of his face and motion of his form—young and strong, with sunburned features and blue eyes, a man framed by nature to make the world better because he had done his

But there was a great agony now in that brave young face as from time to time he lifted it.

time he lifted it.

There came a light step along the gravel, and he started up quickly as a girl walked down the beach—a fair young girl, with the sunny hair and glorious eyes which since the days of Eve had made slaves and thralls of the

children of men.

And truly there was something in the manner of Millicent Durand which had

manner of Millicent Durand which had given her rare power over the stronger nature of man, and this young sailor, lying there upon the sand, loved her with an unutterable affection—a depth of love it was hard for her to understand.

"Richard Dean," she cried, "why are you lying here alone?"

"Richard," she said again, "what is it? Why do you leok at me so?

"I don't know what to say to you, Milly," he answered slowly, "because I don't like to give you pain, but sometimes it seems to me that it would have been better, far bet'er, if I had gone down with the sche. I last autusun, instead of living to encure this great anguish."

"I don't know what you mean, dear Richard. You and I were always friends, and you know that I would bear almost anything sooner than give pain to those I love. What does it all mean?"

"I'll tell you, Milly, and try to tell it in such a way that you will understand that, if I suffer, I have no hatred for those who love me, although they have broken my heart. An hour ago I was on the point, sitting under "e trees, and I heard—I couldn't help it filly—I heard

you, and I heard you say that you loved him, and then I stole away, not to hear

"I love you as man never loved woman in all time. I love you so well that for a moment it seemed to me that I hated Harry Watson, because is robbed me of my jewel.
"But I knew him to be good and true.

a kind son, a tender brother, and he will make you happier perhaps than poor Dick Dean ever could." "Oh, Dick," she said softly. "I never

dreamed that you"-

She stopped suddenly.
"I have been to blame, and while you loved me as a sister loves a brother I, fool that I was, thought the feeling

deeper.
"There, there; I am a man, Milly; Pil fight it down in time; give me awhile to draw breath and understand my loss.

When are ye'r to be married?"

"After this trip," she said softly,
"When the Hesperus comes back."

"And I am first mate of the Hesperus and Harry second. And we've been friends so long that—butit isn't possible that I could ever hate Harry Watson or do him any wrong, but I wish he were

in another schooner."
"Dick," cried Milly sudienly, "you are going out with the man I love in the

"There will come an hour of dark temptation to you, a dradful hour, when you will have to choose between good and evil.

"When that time come and the tempter whispers in your ars, promise me, in the name of the love you bear me, you will think of me."

He drew his breath hard. "I'll try, Molly," he said quickly. There's my hand on the bergain." "And take this," she said, forcing a ring into his hand. "Take & wear it on

your finger night and day, and when you see it, remember that you are piedged to do right by Harry Watson. He took the ring and looked at it in a strange dazed way, and then thrust it forcibly upon his finger.

"I'll do it," he cried. "Heaven help me to keep this vow." So the Hesperus sailed in an hour, and as they swept out between the piers Dick Dean saw Millicent Darand stand-

ing there, with her finger or her lips in foken of remembrance.
She was so engreased with him that for a moment it seemed to the second mate looking on jealously that she had

no eyes for him. Harry Watson was a soble young man, but he had one vice, Palonsy, and the last glance he gave Milij as the Hesperus except on was one of abger.

Thilike to ask you something, Dick Dean," he said, coming up to the first "Stand by to set the forb'l," replied

Dick, who was a seaman from top to fee. "Cast off that tackle, livily. Heave hearty, men." But I want to speak"-I havn't get time to palater now un-

in them it would be better to let the matter drop. Ready there is top! Let It, sheet home and boast away. A few moments more and the good

schooner was bowling along tofter a 10-knot breeze, with the wind over the quarter, her best point of sailing.

Then Dick walked slowly forward, and Harry came up to hing again.

Dick turned upon him like a tiger.

"Now, look here, Harry," he said.

You and I have been good friends, but i know what you want to say, and you'd better not say it. I give you fair warnbetter not say it. I give you fair warm

"What are you going to do about it?" demanded Harry defaulty. "I'd have you know that I understand how you have sneaked and crawled to undermine

A cry like that of a wild beast burst

from the tips of the young sailor.

He gasped for breath, and for a moment it looked as if he would strike Har-

ry, but he seemed to recollect himself, and furning on his heel he sprang to the companion and rushed into the cabin.

All through that trip these two, who had been dear friends, did their duty by the ship; but, working side by side, they

never spoke.

So they worked in sullen silence, and after a mouth of absence the schooner was standing in for her own port, perhaps 20 miles away, in one of the darkest nights that ever fell upon the ocean, and with a gale blowing which threatened at any moment to take the sticks

The captain lay in the cabin, stunned by the fall of a block, and Dick worked the schooner. And there was a loud, exultant ring in his voice as he gave the ord of command. Two miles out of port a rocky point

ran out into the sea—a point on which the bones of many a good craft had been

Milly, who waited and watched for his coming, and he thought, with a pang at the heart, that perhaps after all he had wronged her and Dick.

Then came a great crash, an awful yell from the men, and the schooner was on the rocks and the great breakers beating against her with cruel force.

"Send up a rocket," cried Dick in a hoarse, strained voice. "Hat They see us! There goes a light!"

And there flashed up on the beach a bonfire. In its light men were seen dart-

ing here and there, and then, pushed by eight strong rowers, the lifeboat darted They brought up the injured captain and laid him on the deck, and he was the first they lowered into the boat as it

The men went down one by one until only Harry and Dick remained upon the deck.

"Chinese" Gordon's Ideas of Duty. The hero of Khartoum, like the hero of Schiller's "Wallenstein," thought that all soldiers should be noble minded, and that in their own hearts and not in other men's opinions they should find their true honor. He could not understand the bestowal or acceptance of a reward for not deserting a comrade in danger. But then he would not have what he considered "duty" rewarded in any way beyond the usual methods of pay and promotion, and he illustrates his opinion a characteristic aneodote: "I like that old Iron Duke, with his fearful temper. He told a friend of my father, who was bewailing his long and meritorious service, that 'he ought to be glad the country had kept him so long.'" This, however, seems inconsistent with Gordon's institution of a special decoration to reward exceptional service and merit at Khartoum.—Broad Arrow.

Who Was the Gullty Man? A Case avenue woman has a husband who has done such a thing as to forget to do what his wife had requested. The other evening about 5 o'clock he came

some and she went at him. "John," she said, "did you tell that expressman to come here this afternoon?" "Yes, Mary," he answered meekly. "Well, he hasn't come."

'Yes, it is. Now, how do you account

John gave the matter a few moments' consideration. Well, my dear," he said finally, either he's lying or I am, and to relieve

ns both from your suspections I'll just step down to his place and see what's the matter," and the charitable John went to see the expressman. - Detroit Free Press

Generosity Sun Morros. A generous act is its own reward.

The hired girl was courteons, but by no means servile. She kindly repressed an exclamation of impatience when the lady of the house saked her if she preposed going out that

With a nobility not often found in the more powerful classes of excists she forbore to give atterance to the petniant reply that came to her lips. 'Yes," she answered politely, "I had

thought to do so.' The lady of the house twined her fingers together nervously.

'you will want my black She stole a timid anxious glance at

No." the latter hastened to rejoin,

you may wear it. I will stay at home." And all the rest of the day she was made happy by the thought of the voluntary sacrifics she had made.- Detroit Tribune.

Pann Tries It.

And how did my little pet. get to sleep last night without mamma? Little Pet-Pape tried to sing to me like you do, as I burried up an west to sleep so's not to lear it -Good News.

HIS GARMENT'S HEIR he morning comes seems the hi The green and golden hills of Jo and elies the air with bilostel th And wakes the inchespe into

The breezes sing their wandering song.
And every insect's intruished throat
Given forth to chirp of rapours strong,
And every wing its strikent note.

I seem to seach thy garment's hem
In all these wundrous works of thirs,
And straightway from thy heart, through
these,
Flows healing virtue into mine.
—W. M. L. Jay.

JUCKY PHOTOGRAPH.

In a discussion between several learned gentlessen concerning modern inventions and the marvelous appliances of science. James Beaufranc, a great, brown, heyish fellow, with a merrier countenance than is generally considered to be becoming to a professor of mathematics, was asked to tell in his turn what he thought was the most useful discovery of the human mind.

"What! You dare to prefernd that the

of the human mind.

"What! You dare to pretend that the greatest wonders of modern times are steam, explosives, electricity, and I know not what! As if it were a pleasure to travel so fast that you cannot enjoy the scenery on either hand; to speak through the telephone to a person whose face you cannot see, or to have your teeth pulled out, even without pain, by a wad of some mysterious chemical, come from God knows were! In truth, you gentlemen, though you are reputed to be very wise, appear to me to be very foolish."

The paradoxes of the young professor caused a general smile, but James Beaufranc continued imperturbably:

"My own idea is that inventions are valuable only in direct ratio to the hap-

raluable only in direct ratio to the happiness which they procure. That is why I find your railroads odious, your cannon monstrous, your dynamite absurd. And for other reasons I find but one laudable modern discovery—one which is universally beneficial—a science which is also un art."

"And what is it?"

"Photography."
There was a great shout of laughter.
Decidedly Beaufranc had not his equal
for pleasantry.
However, with astonishing coolness

the young professor continued:
"Yes, photography, which does no harm to any one, but, on the contrary,

of my marriage.
"I was a professor at Amberville col-lege, and I lived in a little apartment on the ground floor. Opposite my house was the large, ornamented sign of Mr Pradoux, the notary, today my father-in-law. Close beside his deak the window of his library opened opposite mine, and across the very narrow street could see as well as in my own room all that passed in the house of my neighbor. Indeed from the first day I could see but one thing—his daughter Valentine. She came and went all day long, for she attended to the housekeep-ing, Mr. Pradoux being a widower. She animated with her cheery smile and her

fresh gayety that paper strewn interior in a way that was truly adorable. "Paplon this panegyric upon my wife, but she was then in the marvelous brilliancy of 18 years. Her first appearance was to me a blow from which my heart never recovered—a blow that only those psychologists dony who have never experienced it.

"Alast from the first day this insur-"Alast from the first day this insurmountable love seemed to me what it must have gesmed to any reasonable being—foolish, senseless, necless and doomed to perpetual disappointment:

"Mr. Pradoux was rich, very rich, and I had, to offset his money bags, only thin diplomas and appointments yet tidener. There I was, shut up alone with my love, stient as in a suncharry settinged only to

silent as in a sanctuary, satisfied only to look with innocent and distant adoration upon the beautiful Miss Valentine.

upon the beautiful Miss Valentine.

"One day the audacious idea came to of instantaneously photographing her, and at least preserving her image. I carried my little machine to the window sill and carelessly, in the most casual manner, I photographed my pretty neighbor at the precise moment when she was embracing her father. At another time I caught her while she watered her flowers at the window.

"In short, within a month I possessed

"In short, within a month I possessed an original gallery, a true museum of my dearly beloved. With her were pictures of a great many people "he had spoken with her in her father's library at the moment of my operation, and very often I turned over my precious collection, happy to possess it, but filled at the same time with a terrible sadness.
"One day I did not see Miss Valentine.

"One day I did not see Miss Valentine. I learned that she was ill. In the wask which followed another portentions rumor reached use. Mr. Pradoux was, or was going to be, ruined by a banker of doubtful reputation, who had risked and lost a fortune in a bad speculation. It was even said that criminal proceedings were about to be instituted against ings were about to be instituted against Mr. Fradoux. The trial would take place at the civil tribunal. I hastened to be of the audience. Mr. Fradoux appeared to be very much cast down, but

peared to be very much east down, but his countenance, to my mind, expressed innocence and honesty.

"Seen I had heard all of the testimony on both cides. The insteam could be summed up in a few words. The banker had deposited a large quantity of valuable papers with Mr. Pradoux, and he pre-tended that the latter would not return

Mr. Fradous affirmed, on the cont that he had given them from his own hand into the hand of the hands of the hander, who

had called for them to his librar Mr. Monquero denied the visit, as fill and even had the been well her ten marky, being prejudiced, would have

been illegal.

"The trial was about to close, probably to the condemnation of Mr. Fradous, when his adversary turned to the public with a triumphant look. Immediately I recognized that head, for had I not seen it often?

"But where? I felt that it was a ques-tion of capital importance. Buddenly light shot through my mind. That figure was registered upon one of my numer-ous instantaneous photographs of my

ous instantaneous photographs of my neighbor's library.

"Therefore Mr. Menguere must have been in the notary's library.

"Yes, this visit, that he denied, he had made, and the tribunal ought to know it.

"I leaped to the advocate's deak and briefly told him my story.

"In a few minutes I had reached my home and returned to the tribunal breathless, but waving a paper is my

"I was not deceived; the resemblence was griking. Mr. Pradoux, leaning one hand upon the window ledge, was hald-ing in the other a bundle of papers to-

ing in the other a bundle of pages to-ward Mr. Monquero.

"You can easily divine what followed.

"The tribunal released Mr. Pradoux in a fortnight and exonerated him from blame. The dishenset bather put the Belgian frontier between himself and justice, and Mr. Pradoux invited that more evening to dinner his providential movier.

Miss Valentine, still suffering, but

"Miss Valentine, still suffering but more charming than ever in this pallor of convalencence, rushed toward me "You have saved the fortune, and, what is far better, the honor of my father," she said as she extended to me her hand. "Nothing, absolutely nothing, can testify our gratitude."

"But if," interrupted I, "but if"—and deciding at once upon my course of action I drew Mr. Pradoux into his library, where I related to him the secret of the photographs, my love and my hopes.

open.
"I will abridge. Two months after
this interview Muss Valentine and I were

James Beaufranc stopped and shot a look of satisfaction toward his amazed

"Behold?" said he sententiously, "ho photography makes marriages."
"Yes!" cried one, "instantan
—From the French in Romance.

only Harry and Dick remained upon the deck.

"Gof" commanded Dick. "She'll only bear one more, and it won't be Dick Dean. You suspected me of loving Milly. I did, longer than you think, more than you know. Get into the beat."

"I will not!" cried Harry.

"She said, 'In that dreadful hour, when you have to choose between good and evil, think of me and do right.' Take him, men."

He caught Harry suddenly by the shoulders and dropped him into the beat. It shot away instantly, for it could not have borne another without filling.

Next day they found him lying upon the shining sand with his head pillowed on one brawnyusm and a smile upon his face, which only good men wear—men who die at peace with all the world.

And Harry Watson, coming with his children to the grave of his dead friend, speaks softly the story of that night when the Hasparus was wrecked on that point.—St. Paul Globe.

"Tex, photography, which does no hay one, but, on the contrary, much good; which makes to live again at their memory, the cherished features of relatives for his assent feat this point, and twich coussed the name Horseshoe falls to be given it. For the last 10 or 12 yoars, however, that die of the falls was U shaped, which caused the name Horseshoe falls to be given it. For the last 10 or 12 yoars, however, that die of the falls was U shaped in the his agar falls we su this point, and twe high caused of U shaped the name Horseshoe falls to be given it. For the last 10 or 12 yoars, however, that die of the falls was U shaped in the heart of the dearly beloved, and to which, beater of the dearly beloved, and to which, beater of the dearly beloved, and to which, in the countmanace of Beatfranc's bearranc's bearrancy bear of the falls well on the his was the name at this point, and intense curiosity was depicted upon the c Formerly the Canadian side of the Niagara falls was U shaped, which caused
the name Horseshoe fulls to be given it.
For the last 10 or 12 years, however, that
side of the falls has been V shaped instead
of U shaped, the change being caused by
a wearing away of the ledge over which
the waters pour. On Jan. 4, 1869, a great
displacement of rocks again took place,
and now the Canadian side of the great
cataract is known as Horseshoe falls.

farther to the southward and then stor still-that is, as far as the backgrou tendency is concerned. The cause of this will be that at that point a solid founds tion for the limestone ledge over which the waters pour will be found. Two miles of a wearing back will make the falls only 80 feet in height instead of 100, as at present.-Philadelphia Press.

Manners of Shopping Woman.

The shopping manners of women have not improved any, if several inchlents of the past week indicate anything. There are women whose company manners are fine—who appear thoroughly well bred—yet who seem to forget these as seen as the door closes on the caller's back. There are only a few women who carry their company manners into their charming terms.

shopping tours.

"I should say as much," growled:a pa-terfamiliae when a similar observation was made in his presence. "Why, I ver-ily believe you women are all heathers when you are in the stores. I was know when you are in the stores. I was knowing at a mechanical toy the other right, when a woman side of me just duffer ately and in the coolest manner possible says to the clerk, 'I'll take that.' She had been listening to the description, caught the price and discovered it was the only one left. I felt illen giving been piece of my mind, but as I didn't want the tay I let it puss. But suppose committee toy I let it puss. mate impertmence from such a looking creature!"—New York B

A French journal reports thereas man who entered a come house as down near a customer who was re the morning newspaper which b

to the establishment.

"After you with the paper, if you please," said the newcomer.

The other man nodded assent and went on reading, but at the end of half as hour had hardly firished the that column. Just so the waiting customer was about making a second and perhaps inpution application he noticed that the reader had lost one of his organs of sight. His reasont ment vanished.

sight. His resentment vanished.
"Ah," said he in a low voice, "I'd not emprised. The poor man has core eye and has to read everyti twice over."—Exchange.

Willing to Pollov Adviso.
Uncle—When you find that you've made a mistake, start again right where you were before and try to do better. Nephew Thank you, sir. I've made the missabs of spending that \$600 you gave me two weeks ago. Please give me \$400 more, so I can start where I was to fore.—Chicago News Record.

A.—Do you know why Softleigh 416 not attend the luctures today?
R.—Yes, he told me be had caught

cold yesterday looking at the Parth friese - Jarvard Lampson,

It must be one sided work being a mis-singary crit in India, where there are bearly 800,000 people to each missiscency. In Thites is is even more so, the odds be-ing 2,000,000 to 1.—Providence Journal.